The Myrtle.

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13

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The Tipples.

Tipple-a-little, Tipple-more,
And Mr. Tipple-none,
Began to talk together once, —
Thus did their language run:
Said Tipple-a-little to Tipple-none,
"My dearest sir, I think
'Tis wrong to banish from the land
All but te-total drink.
Because a little spirit's good
Whene'er the flesh is weak;
But then, to drink too much is wrong,
'Tis not for that I speak.
But, when one's wet, or when one's dry,
Or when one's cold, or when
One's not exactly one of these,
I like a little then."

"That's just the thing," quoth Tipple-much,
Rising from where he sat,
And trying to balance as he walked,
"That's right, I'll stick to that!"
But then, to drink too much, why that,
Why that I would despise!"

"That's right, that's right!" quoth Tipple-more,
Who looked more drunk than wise,
"That's just the talk I like," quoth he, —
"Come, brother, join our band;
We'll take another glass on that,"
And seized him by the hand.
With blood-shot eyes and ragged clothes,
Came then poor Tipple-all
To join his brethren at the bar,
And for the liquor call.

"Is Tipple-a-little then your friend?"
Good Tipple-*none* replied;
"You see how all these Tipples range
Themselves upon your side.
'Tis right they should, for, one by one,
From grade to grade you fall;
Thus Tipple-a-little comes at last
To be poor Tipple-all.
Yet each approves our arguments,
All say, *Don't drink too much;*
And every lane in Drunkendom
Is crowded full of such!
So let me caution all of you,
And counsel every one,
To take the only name that's safe,
And that is — TIPPLE-NONE." *Chas. F. Upton.*

For the Myrtle.

Frank's Canary.

FRANK has a very pretty canary. Its head and wings are tipped with black, but the rest of its body is a bright yellow. Frank has taught his canary to eat out of his hand, to fly out of its cage and sit on his head or shoulder, and when he says, "Play dead, Dick," it will lie on its back, shut its little black eyes, and keep very still.

It will come to the side of the cage and look at Frank as soon as he comes into the room, and if he sings "Shoo-fly," or "Twinkle, twinkle, little star," it will begin to sing as loud as it can. But it cannot sing "Shoo-fly."

Sometimes Frank will say, "Now, Dick, I shall give you a treat to-day"; then he will put a fig, or a lump of sugar, or the rich kernel of a nut, into its cage, and Dick will eat it so quickly, and so much of it, that Frank will say, "Ah! Dick, *you* like good things, don't you?" If the bird could speak I think it would say, "Yes, Frank, I *do* like good things to eat, but I *love* you." *A. M. L. M.*

For the Myrtle.

Tommy Gray.

HIS HOME.

HEN Tommy came over the fence so unceremoniously, he fell — not on to a stone to be killed — not into the gutter to be wet — but straight into the plump arms, and directly into the tender heart, of little Lizzie May. This is the way it happened.

Lizzie and her mother were walking out that evening for the sake of a little exercise, and their way led them by Mr. King's house, which they reached just as Tommy was being chased by the white cats. It was a very large yard, and, by walking slowly, Lizzie had a good opportunity to witness the race. At first she thought it was in fun and looked on with a smile, but the fierce growls and Tommy's cries soon convinced her that it was no play, but a fearful reality, and she gave a little scream in sympathy.

When Mr. King took Tommy up, nearly twisting his neck out of joint, Lizzie ran forward just in season to catch him between her arms and her little white cloak, and save his neck from being entirely broken.

"Oh! oh! oh!" cried she, in astonishment and delight. "O you sweet, you dear little thing! Mamma, Mamma, may I not have it?"

Now you must know Mrs. May formerly had some pretty canary birds killed by a bad black cat that Lizzie used to have, and for a year or two had refused to have a cat in the house for fear she would lose the birds she now had; and when Lizzie first spoke she was disposed to say no; but Tommy looked so frightened, and crowded his head under Lizzie's arm in such a timid way that she felt a great deal of pity for him, and turning to Mr. King, she asked,

"Sir, is this your cat?"

"No, ma'am, I never saw it before," said he.

Just then Maria came to the door, and seeing how it was, ran down to the gate, exclaiming,

"It's a poor little thing what came here, half dead, last night, and it don't belong to nobody, as I know of."

"*Can* I have it?" asked Lizzie of Maria and her mother at the same time.

"Yes," said Maria; "and I am glad to give it to somebody what will take good care of the poor thing."

"Well," said Mrs. May, "on the condition that you will let him be killed if he tries to catch my birds, and will give him up if any one claims him, you may carry him home."

Lizzie was very glad to promise anything that would give her the kittie, even for a short time; and so it was that Tommy Gray became an inmate of the house where he has been so long.

Lizzie carried him home, and, after giving him a good supper, took him into the library to show him to her father.

"Hullo! what's this?" said Mr. May. "A new kitten? How about mamma's birds?"

"Mamma herself said I might have him," replied Lizzie; and she told her father all the circumstances of their finding him.

"That is right," said Mr. May. "Always feel sorry for people and animals that are in trouble. Now that mamma has consented to keep your kittie on the condition that he does not catch her birds, I will give you money enough to buy a ribbon to put around his neck on the condition that you will let me name him."

Lizzie agreed, so Mr. May gave her ten cents, telling her that he would decide upon a name and let her know in the morning what it was to be.

It was then Lizzie's bed-time, and she begged to have kittie sleep with her. "I'll get up every morning before breakfast, if you will let me, mamma," said she; so it was arranged that whenever Lizzie was ready for breakfast at the proper time, kittie might sleep with her the following night. This time he might, as it was the first night in his new home. So when Lizzie was nicely tucked up in her little white bed, Tommy Gray was placed on the bed and went to sleep very sensibly with his head on her shoulder.

The family with which Tommy was to live for the future consisted of Mr. May, who was a minister; Mrs. May, the best mother in the world, as Lizzie thought; Mrs. B., Lizzie's grandmother; Eva May, her big sister; Mary, a smart Yankee girl who kept house for them, who Lizzie thought knew everything, and could do everything, from making "gimcracks" (a kind of gingerbread) to building a sled and put-

ting buckles on skates. Then of course there was Lizzie, and two birds, three hens, and our lucky Tommy Gray.

They lived in a large white house with a wide piazza across the front, where the sun shone all day in winter, and large elm-trees threw their shade in summer. The roof of this piazza was flat, with a railing around it, and a glass door opened upon it from the upper hall, and Lizzie would play there nearly all day, sometimes, for there was the pleasant shade of the elm-trees. Besides these two piazzas for playground, there was a yard full of flowers and plum-trees in the summer, but at this time — early spring — nothing but mud and dirty snow was to be seen.

The next morning Lizzie was down stairs ready for the table even before her mother, and had fed kittie gimcracks and milk before her own breakfast was re dy.

When they were seated at the table, Mr. May said,

"Miss Lizzie, your cat is to be named Tommy Gray."

"That is a very good name," said Lizzie, "but I hoped it would be Silver, or Pinky, or something romantic."

Mr. May replied, "You may call him what you please, but his real, true name must be Tommy Gray, and he can never sign any other to a legal document."

The idea of her little kitten signing a "legal document" amused Lizzie so much that she became reconciled to the horrid name "*Tom*," though she always called him "Beautaine."

After breakfast Lizzie took her kittie in her arms, and, with her ten cents tightly clasped in her hand, ran down the hill to a store kept by a lady who made a great pet of the little girl.

"Mrs. Richardson," cried Lizzie, bursting into the store like a little whirlwind, "I want ten cents' worth of pink *kitten* for my new *ribbon!*" and never noticed the mistake she had made till Mrs. Richardson replied,

"I don't sell my *pink kittens* by the yard; you must take a *blue* one."

Lizzie laughed heartily, and showed her pet to Mrs. Richardson, who told her she had money enough to buy some blue ribbon too; so Lizzie bought a yard of each, which was enough to make four pieces, two of each color, and Mrs. Richardson tied one of the pink ones around kittie's neck with a handsome double bow.

Lizzie went to school, so Tommy had to be left six hours each day, and for a week or two Lizzie was very anxious lest Tommy should try to go back to Mr. King's. He had no such idea in his head, so Lizzie soon found that he was perfectly content to stay where he was — sleeping with Lizzie *nearly* every night (she could not always get up so early), having a frolic every morning, running to meet her when she returned from school, taking a little walk every evening in Lizzie's arms, and never once looking at mamma's birds.

"This is My Class."

I wish I could draw a picture of what I saw in a Sabbath School room of a mission-school in Galesburg, Ill., some time since. I was a stranger, and spending the Sabbath there; and, according to my custom when spending the Sabbath in a strange place, I inquired after the Sabbath Schools, and was directed to one in an old building near the railroad-station.

I went in, and found a fine school just opening. After the preliminary exercises, the superintendent stepped quietly back to a little bright-looking boy who sat on a long bench alone. He took him by the hand, and told him he was afraid his teacher would not be there; and, as none of his classmates were present, he wanted him to take a seat with another class that had a teacher.

The noble little fellow appeared to be grieved, looked down, and did not speak. The superintendent repeated the request; when his heart broke, and he burst into tears; and throwing his foot over, and sitting across the bench, he seized it with both hands, saying as he did so,

"This is my class. I don't want to go over there. I don't want to leave this class. This is my class." And there he sat across that long, empty bench, holding to it with both hands the best he could, while the tears streamed down his rosy cheeks.

The superintendent, seeing it distressed him so much to leave his class, invited me to act as his teacher. I had only just become interested in talking to him, when his teacher came in and claimed her class, having been unavoidably belated. Soon several more of the class came in; and they had a good class and a good lesson. The class was preserved through the courage of that brave little soldier of the Sabbath School army, who clung to the long, empty bench rather than give up his place. *Well Spring.*

The Streamlet.

I SAW a little streamlet flow
Along a peaceful vale,
A thread of silver, soft and slow,
It wandered down the dale;
Just to do good it seemed to move,
Directed by the hand of love.

The valley smil'd in living green;
A tree, which near it gave
From noontide heat a friendly screen,
Drank of its liquid wave.
The swallow brush'd it with his wing,
And following its meandering.

And would that I could thus be found,
While trav'lling life's brief way,
An humble friend to all around
Where'er my footsteps stray;
Like that pure stream, with tranquil breast,
Like it, still blessing and still blest.

I AM a child. It will not do
An idle life to lead,
Because I'm small — with talents few;
Of me the Lord hath need,
Some work of calling to pursue,
Or do some humble deed.

I must be active every hour,
And do my Maker's will;
If but a ray can paint the flower,
A rain-drop swell the rill,
I know in me there is a power
Some humble place to fill.

Bad Money.

Bill Dow was showing the boys a counterfeit ten-cent piece. "Oh, you don't *know* it is counterfeit," said Jem Drew.

"Yes, I do; father said it was," said Bill Dow.

"Well, you *needn't* know it," said Jem Drew. "Your father may be mistaken. I should go to that old peanut woman at the corner, and spend it. Treat us, old fellow. She's half blind, and will never be the wiser for it."

"What an honest, honorable fellow you are, Jem Drew!" cried little Asa Clicker. "That you call doing as you would be done by, do you?"

"Somebody passed it on Bill, and Bill does no more than keep it going," cried Jem. "Come, Bill, give us some peanuts."

"No, *sir*," said Bill Dow, "I don't do that mean thing, I tell you. I do not intend to be dishonest in a little thing, then I shall never be caught being dishonest in great ones. Father says half the frauds, embezzlements and bank robberies began in little dishonesties. They tunnel the way for a rush at last."

"Good for you, Bill!" cried Asa Clicker. "I believe in you. As for Jem, he'll die in prison yet if he isn't careful."

Bill tossed the counterfeit ten cents into the river, and the boys stood on the bridge watching the eddies it made in the still water. "Let all bad money be sunk before it sinks us," said Asa.

Child's Paper.

Making the Best of it.

Little Minnie, only three years old, to amuse a homesick cousin who was visiting at her house, brought out her choicest playthings. Among these was a tiny trunk, with bands of gilt paper for straps — a very pretty toy; but Freddy bent the lid too far back, and broke it off. He did not mean to do this; and, when he saw what he had done, he was frightened, and began to cry. Then dear little Minnie, with her own eyes full of tears, said,

"Never mind, Freddy; just see what a cunning little cradle the top will make!"

That was certainly a great deal better than fretting. She made the best of it.

For the Myrtle.

Nothing but a Feather.

EDDIE! something tickles my foot. I wish you would see what it is."

"It is nothing but a feather, Willie."

"Oh, how white and soft it is! Let me make it fly. Why does it not go up?"

"You must blow upon the under side of it. See me."

"I can do it now, Eddie; let me blow."

"Willie, how nice it would be if we could fly around like the feather."

"Yes; but just see it go! It is almost up to the wall."

"There! it comes down again. You must keep blowing, or it will stop."

"Where did it come from before it got into the bed? Who wore it?"

"Nobody wore it. I guess it came off from one of grandma's geese."

"Do the geese have wings like the birds?"

"Yes, and they are all covered with nice white feathers like this."

"Can the geese fly?"

"Yes, they can fly; but grandma gives them so much to eat that they don't try to."

"Could we fly too, Eddie, if we had wings?"

"Yes, we could fly just like the little birds."

"And then we would not have to run; and I could play longer without getting tired."

"We could fly when we wished to, but I think we should get just as tired as we do now."

"Well, we could go faster, and then we could see more every time we played out of doors, could we not, Eddie?"

"Yes, and we could go everywhere the birds do, and we could look into their nests, and see the pretty eggs and the little birds."

"We could catch the butterflies, too, because we could fly as fast as they. What fun it would be!"

"And, Willie, we could see what those little

wrens are doing in the box on the barn. You know they have been carrying sticks and grass into it for a whole week. I should like to know where they put so many things. You know that mamma saw them take a lace collar from the grass where she had laid it to dry. We could get that. Would it not be fun to hear the wrens scold at us just as they did at the bluebird yesterday morning!"

"I should feel sorry if we did anything which would drive them away, for we like to hear them sing, and we like to see their bright eyes and funny ways."

"Papa likes them, too, because they do so much good in the garden, eating bugs and worms."

"I think mamma would wait for her collar till after the little wrens were old enough to leave the nest."

"I know what I would do, Eddie, if I had wings. I would follow the little brown bees that, papa says, make honey, and I would find out where they hide it, and then I would tell papa so that he could bring it home. We would have honey every day."

"Or we could follow the little humming-bird that comes and gets honey out of the flowers in the garden. We could find its nest. How nice it would be to take it, after the birds were through with it, and put it into one of the glass cases in papa's room, where we could look at it, and have papa tell us how it was made."

"How easy it would be, too, if we only had wings, to go into the fields and woods to pick wild flowers."

"Yes, and we could pick them for mamma to take to the poor people who have no flowers."

"And then we could save some of those that grow in the garden."

"Eddie, do you think we shall ever have wings?"

"Grandma told me one day that if I would always be good I should have wings some day. I hope so."

"Do you think I shall have wings if I am good?"

"I don't know; but if you will let me dress you now, we will go down stairs and ask mamma." *B. G. R.*

Our greatest glory consists not in rising every time we fall, but in never falling.

For the Myrtle.

Little Annie.

If you see my little Annie
Down along the meadow-way,
Where the little frogs are peeping,
And the cowslips blossom gay;
You must tell her all the robins
To their little nests are flown,
And 'tis time that she were coming
Home, for day is almost done,
And my little Annie always
Goes to her bed with the sun.

How shall I know little Annie,
If I see her as I go?
Twenty other little maidens
May be passing to and fro;
How then shall I little Annie
From the other maidens know?

What! not know my little Annie?
Never fear but, when you meet,
You will know her pretty blue eyes,
They're so sunny and so sweet.
You will know her cheeks like roses,
And her pretty pearly teeth,
And her lovely yellow tresses
Hanging half way to her feet.
That is how you'll know my Annie,
Just the moment that you meet!

Oh, I fear I shall not know her
From the other little girls;
Others that have pretty blue eyes,
And two rows of little pearls
'Twixt their lips; and down their shoulders
Showers of yellow silken curls,—
I'm afraid I'll not know Annie
From the other little girls!

Yes, you will be sure to know her—
Do not feel the least alarm!
She will have a pretty basket
Hanging on her little arm,
And it will be full of berries
Picked on dear old grandpa's farm.
So you'll know my little Annie—
Never feel the least alarm!

Yes, but other little maidens
May have baskets just the same;
And they may be full of berries
That from grandpa's garden came.
How shall I know which is Annie
If they all look just the same?

Oh, how will you know my Annie!
Now I've thought—I know the way!
When you reach the meadow-crossing
Where the little maidens are,
You must go straight where they're standing
Clustered at the meadow-bar:
"If there's any little Annie
Here among you," you must say,—
"Any little girl that dearly
Loves her own mamma alway,
She must hasten quickly homeward,
For 'tis growing very late,
And her dear mamma is waiting
For her at the garden gate."
Then a little girl will scamper
Homeward fast as she can go;
You will see her two feet skipping
Like a squirrel over snow.
That will be my little Annie,
For she always minds me so! *C. M. Sawyer.*

Did we but strive to make the best
Of troubles that befall us,
Instead of meeting cares half way,
They would not so appall us.
Earth has a spell for loving hearts;
Why should we seek to break it?
Let's scatter flowers instead of thorns,—
The world is what we make it.

Our Sunday Schools.

MAINE.

A member of the Sunday School in Bridgton, writing for extra copies of the MYRTLE, explains the cheerful fact by saying, "Our school has increased largely during the year." We learn from other sources that this good state of things is the result of much faithful work on the part of the school itself.

—— The Universalist Sunday School in Pittsfield gave an entertainment recently, which netted $159.

MASSACHUSETTS.

A lady member of the school in Charlton, in making arrangements for a copy of the paper for each member of the school, tells us they are working into the *uniform lesson* system, by the use of the lessons given in the MYRTLE. That is one of the uses for which the lessons are prepared.

—— The School Street Sabbath School in this city held special services on the last Sunday in April (30th), the one-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Rev. Hosea Ballou. Addresses were delivered by the senior and junior pastors. Mr. Ballou died while pastor of the School Street Church, in 1852.

NEW YORK.

The ladies of the First Universalist Mission, Brevort Hall, 154 East 54th Street, New York City, besides teaching in the Sunday School, have an Industrial School on Saturdays, from 9 A. M. to 11 A. M. Number of scholars enrolled, 250; average attendance, 119. Expenses, $113.38, a part of which had to be paid from the funds of the Sunday School.

PENNSYLVANIA.

The repairs now being made upon the Sunday School room in our church in Reading, will cost $1,500.

GEORGIA.

Rev. J. A. Rhyne, one of our faithful clergymen and missionaries in the South, has gathered a Sunday School of over *forty* members at Walesca, Cherokee Co., Ga. Bro. Grigsby writes that at least half of these children are orphans, made so by the ravages of the war. He adds that the school is peculiarly interesting, the pupils being bright and teachable. That they are zealous for themselves appears from their sending on their little hoard of pennies for a few numbers of the MYRTLE. A gift of service and singing books, from some school that has them to spare, could not be better bestowed than to this brave little missionary school. Who hears?

OHIO.

A large proportion of the additions to the Universalist Church in Hamilton, for the past two years, have been from the Sunday School.

CANADA.

There is a well-organized Universalist Sabbath School, in good working condition, in Waterloo, Canada East.

Our Father's Letter to His Children.

Most of our young readers have read the story of Robinson Crusoe; of his being left on a lone island, and of the life he led there. Suppose that, like him, one of you children were to be left on such an island afar out in the ocean, and you should find yourself without any direction which way to go, or what to do for yourself. And suppose that while you were yet in this condition, a ship should appear in sight, and a boat should come from it towards the shore of the island, and some one should come from that boat, after it had landed, and bring you a letter from a dear father; a letter containing directions for you, telling you where to go and what to do in that island; how you might there provide for yourself, and be made comfortable and happy until he should send for you, and that soon, to come and make your home with him. What would you think of that letter? Would you say, "It is of no importance to me; I care but little about it"? Would it not be one of the most precious of all letters you ever received?

My young friends, this Bible is God's Letter to you and to me. Here, upon this island, the Earth, rolling on in this great ocean of space, we are placed, with no knowledge of what we are to do or how we shall provide for our spiritual wants; and this gracious Father, who knows more about our dwelling-place than we do, sends us a letter, directing us how we shall find the food we need for our souls, and the employment that will most bless us, until, in his good time, he shall send for us and bring us to his everlasting home in the heavens. Should we not prize the Bible?

This Letter of our heavenly Father is addressed to all his children. It is not for the learned, nor the rich, nor the exalted among men, especially. It is for the ignorant, the poor and the lowly, as well.

A poor soldier in the Crimean War, foot-sore and faint, threw himself on the ground, perhaps to die. "One drop," he murmured.

"Not a drop of water in the canteen," said his comrade. "What can I do for you?"

"There is one that is never dry," said the poor soldier. "It is full of the water of life. I want a drop of that. Jemmy, open my knapsack and get it — my Bible; let me have a drink."

Jemmy obeyed, found the Bible, and began to read.

"That's it," said the feeble and weary one. "I shall never get home to old England again; but, blessed be God, I shall go to a better one through Christ, the living way. Ah, Jemmy, if the Bible was writ for any man, it was writ for the poor soldier."

Yes, and the sailor feels that it was written for him, and the widow that it was written for her, and the orphan children that it was written for them. It suits every class and condition of life, because it has the same great and gracious God, and the same true and loving Christ for all. The Bible is everybody's book.

Those of us who can have the Bible in our houses, and read it when we please, know not how to prize so great a privilege. The time has been when a copy of the Bible commanded such a price, that none but very rich people could purchase one. Now, any person who has thirty or forty cents to spare, may buy a very pretty pocket edition of the sacred volume.

In the early part of the Reformation in England, the Bible was placed in the churches, and commonly chained to the desk, for the use of the common people; and many frequently assembled in the churches to hear it read. Thank God, we have no chained Bibles in our land for those who wish to read and understand this revelation of God to his children. Though there are many minds in bondage, this "Word of God is not bound." Let us daily consult it, and pray to its holy Author that we may heed its wise and heavenly instructions. Without it, we walk in darkness; with it, we "shall have the light of life," Let the song of our hearts be,

"We won't give up the Bible,
God's holy book of truth,
The blessed staff of hoary age,
The guide of early youth;
The lamp which sheds a glorious light
O'er every dreary road;
The voice which speaks a Saviour's love,
And leads us home to God."

Life of the Saviour.

LESSON XXXVIII.

THE DEMONIACS IN THE COUNTRY OF THE GADARENES.

"With authority commandeth he even the unclean spirits, and they do obey him."

SCRIPTURE, — Matt. viii. 28–34; Mark v. 1–17; Luke viii. 26–41.

Question. — Who met Jesus when he arrived upon the other side of the lake?

Answer. — Matt. viii. 28.

NOTE. Without doubt, these were insane persons. Demoniac and madman were sometimes phrases of the same meaning among the Jews. They attributed many diseases of body and mind to demons; and these demons were supposed to be the souls of wicked men that had entered the bodies of the living.

Q. — Were these men dangerous?

A. — Matt. viii. 28.

Q. — Where did they make their abode?

A. — Matt. viii. 28.

NOTE. The tombs of the Jews were built in the hill-sides, and were frequently hewn out of the solid rock. These persons laboring under the impression of being possessed by the spirits of dead men, doubtless were led by their insanity to make their dwellings in the tombs.

Q. — What did they say to Jesus?

A. — Matt. viii. 29.

NOTE. It was the belief that demons would be punished some time. The insane man speaking as a demon, and having heard of the power of Christ, inquired why he should be brought to punishment so soon.

Q. — What creatures were feeding near the place?

A. — Matt. viii. 30.

Q. — What request did the insane man make, speaking as if he were a number of demons?

A. — Matt. viii. 31.

Q. — Did Jesus comply with the request?

A. — Matt. viii. 32.

Q. — What did the swine do?

A. — Matt. viii. 32.

NOTE. The destruction of the swine was not the destruction of lawful property. The Jews were forbidden not only not to eat swine, but also not to touch them. Lev. xi. 7, 8. The owners of the swine were violating a plain law of Moses.

Q. — What did the owners of the swine do?

A. — Matt. viii. 33.

Q. — What did they request of Jesus?

A. — Matt. viii. 34.

NOTE. This request may have been made because they were largely engaged in the same unlawful business.

Q. — As Jesus was departing, what request did the man for whom he had wrought the miracle make of him?

A. — Mark. v. 18.

Q. — What did Jesus advise him to do?

A. — Mark v. 19.

Q. — How did the man comply with the request?

A. — Mark v. 20.

There is something very striking in the close association of this miracle with the one just preceding. Then there was tumult and discord in the outward world, and he hushed the winds and seas to peace. Now he meets something wilder and more fearful than the winds and waves, and Christ does a mightier work than the one upon the seas. He ruleth over all.

Hidden Seed

Initial Bible Enigma.

1. Thinketh no evil.
2. Those who shall be exalted.
3. The broad way.
4. The sin of which the covetous are guilty.
5. The curse of humanity.
6. One of the Christian graces.

The anointed One.

Answers.

MAY 20. John; Elijah; Samson; Understanding; Saul. Jesus.

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